#### AGRAND

# BURLESQUE ODE,

As it should have been performed at the

## LATE MEMORABLE REGATTA,

INTHE

TEMPLE OF NEPTUNE.

But now introduced in the

COMIC MIRROR;

OR, THE

WORLD AS IT WAGS.

LONDON.

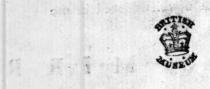
PRINTED BY BIGG AND COX.

MDCCLXXV.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.]

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E Wind Take Continue Bush



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#### AGRAND

# BURLESQUE ODE,

AS IT IS PERFORMED IN THE

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## REGATTA-ITES.

O D E.

### RECITATIVE.

BRITANIA! bleft with fost repose,

(Whose fields in richest robes are drest,

Whose vallies spread their verdant vest)

Thus from her peaceful palace rose,

And to old father Thames her suit addrest.

#### FULL CHORUS.

- " O'er thy foft tide, the GLORY of the main,
- " This day may Nonsense, dullest Nonsense reign!"

#### RECITATIVE accompanied.

The Goddess never sues in vain:

Mark! the Chief's propitious nod!

The fiat echoes to the main:

But lifts with wild amaze the coral-crowned God!

But lifts with wild amaze the coral-crowned God!

His awful trident shakes the ground!

No longer silence reigns around!

Wild surges lash the trembling shore,

Day shuts one eye—and winds tumultuous roar!

Whilst Neptune with indignant smile

Thus greets the Goddess of our Isle!

#### A TIR believeled VI

To dizon out this filly day,

Thy will let other pow'rs obey:

But, cousin Thames—I blush for thee!

Hide, for shame, thy rev'rend head;

Prithee take thyself to bed,

Oh! grace not thou their Jubiles.

Foaming

Madly tear the bending willows!

Till THAMES his grifly beard shall hide,
And punch it with his silver tide.

### FULL CHORUS.

Love and Tiella lighting from h

Quickly ebb'd the affrighted flood,

Leaving nought but Ooze and Mud!

### RECITATIVE accompanied.

Why gaze you multitude amain?

Is't Venus and her Paphian train?

No! Charlotte Hages, the queen of smiles,

Queen of dimple-dwelling wiles;

Paphian maids around her move,

Keen-ey'd Hope, young Joy, and Love!

With quiver full, the wanton god she brings,

Close by her side he slacks his downy wings.

109

Hark

Hark with love's minstrelsy she silence breaks,

And wild disorder listens while she speaks.

## A I R. AND ANDER OF A

bill the tend the in small The

Love and Frolic sprung from heav'n,
Sov'reigns of the human soul,
Are by Nature wisely giv'n,
Duller passions to controul.
Beauty's empire far extends
O'er the ocean's wide domain,
From the world's extremest ends,
To Britannia's happy plains.

# RECITATIVE.

Folly's fons now flock around,

Big with joy to view the fight:

Lo! their boats are all a-ground!

In a rain-begotten night!

Hear what more the Muse could see,
Of this water Jubiles !—

#### DOUB T.

Fools array'd in various classes,

Under white, or blue, or red;

Shallow statesmen,—city asses:—

Managers—without a head!

All hands hawling!

Ladies squawling!

Jumbled thus with mortal dregs,

Topers quassing!

Boatmen laughing!

At the ladies bandy legs:—-

## FULL CHORUS.

BRITANNIA, hail! kind Nurse of Folly's crew!

Thy policy shall ring from shore to shore;

Who proudly cherishest a fool or two,

To toss their caps, and make ten thousand more!

C

L A N-

Hear what more the Muse could for

A LIST OF

### CATCHES and GLEES,

With the COMPOSERS Names.

CANZONET. Mr. DIBDIN.

Adam, alone, cou'd not be easy,

But he must have a wise, and please ye:

And from a rib, ta'en out his side,

Was form'd this necessary bride.

But how did he the time beguise?

Pooh, he slept sweetly all the while.

But when this rib was re-applied,

In woman's form to Adam's side,

How then, I pray you, did it answer?

He never slept so well again Sir.

#### GLEE. Mr. DIBDIN.

No longer ye meads look to chearful and gay,

No longer such beauty retain,

The pride of the grove, your Myrtilla's away,

And nought but despair fills the plain.

Her beauty, her merit, what tongue can display,
What heart but her sweetness can gain,
Her praise every warbler rehears'd on the spray;
But she's gone, and our wishes are vain.

# G L E E. Dr. ARNE.

Which is the properest day to drink?

Saturday, Sunday, Monday,

Each is the properest day, I think,

Why should we name but one day

Bravo! bravo! each is my day,

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,

Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

GATCH.

### CATCH. Mr. WISE.

Come honest friends, and jovial boys,
Follow, follow me,
And fing this catch merrily.

And noughe but defeaterfills the plain.

G L E E. Mr. GIARDINI.

Beviamo tutti tre, as a serve and and a made and a land.

Una la volta voglio bene Signor fi, as a land and a land.

Bav! viva, viva, bravol bravol and a land.

Oh che gusto star allegri,

E bever del bon vin !

Saturday, Sunday, Manday, sured and nother to Each is the property of think,

Which is the proprieted day to drink?



Why fhould we not to Bravol bravo

Saturday, Sundays, Monday.

CATCH

